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record breaking possibilities of racing down hill at an angle of forty-five degrees. The force of gravity pulled me forward irresistibly; my feet flew out alternately with ever lengthening strides and ever increasing rapidity in the instinctive impulse to preserve my equilibrium, bearing my rebellious and breathless body with accelerating and unwelcome velocity down the precipitous path blazed for me by my precursors.

"I was gaining perceptibly on Syd, who was now close behind the bear, which was perilously near the man,—with every prospect of a fearful mix-up for all four of us from a series of rear-end collisions,—when, in his heedless haste, the grizzly stubbed his toe against a projecting root and plunged forward on his nose, turning a complete somersault. As the clumsy monster performed this unpractised gymnastic feat, the loose bit of chain still attached to his collar became tangled in his legs, drawing his snout and his four paws tightly together and forcing his body into the shape of an immense ball, which, with its gathered momentum, continued to revolve rapidly down the snowclad steep, advancing upon the hunted hunter with scarcely diminished celerity.

"The moist snow clung to the long shaggy fur of the bear as he rolled over and over ponderously, helplessly, shrouding him in a snow mantle that added layer upon layer to itself with each successive revolution, until he was quickly lost to sight in a giant snowball which went bounding, crashing, rotating, onward, growing bigger and bigger as it whirled and tumbled, an incipient avalanche, in the footsteps of the frightened fugitive. He, poor fool! ignorant of the change in the character of the danger that threatened him, which he now might have avoided by slightly swerving to one side or the other, kept his nose pointed straight before him and undeviatingly followed it.

HIS route led directly to our camp, and our campfire, heaped high with logs, flared fiercely athwart his course. To stop, to pause even, was impossible. Urged forward by an uncontrollable impulse, he sped headlong, his legs working automatically, his anxiety to escape from the foe that menaced him in the rear blinding him to the peril that lurked in his path. Even if Syd and I had found enough wind in our lungs to shout a warning to him, even if he could have heard us, it is not conceivable that he would have heeded us.

"The fire, of course, he could not help seeing, and, gathering his ebbing energies into one last despairing effort, he cleared it in a flying leap that landed him on the smooth, ice coated rock incline beyond. As he struck the slippery surface, his feet flew out from under him, bringing him, with a sharp resounding slap that made my body tingle in sympathy, to a sitting posture, in which convenient attitude he shot toward the distant valley with the fleetness of a falling star.

"Syd and I were saved from following him only by hurling ourselves face foremost into the deep snow just above the narrow ledge where we had spent the night. Here we became the impotent witnesses of a sickening spectacle. The snowball of which the gyrating body of the bear was now the insignificant nucleus had grown by this time to the size of a small house. Like a devastating cyclone it passed through our camp, licking up pelts, packages, provisions, and what not from the ground, picking from the tree branches the priceless skins left there to dry, cleaning the sides of everything movable—fire, kettles, pans, my beautiful black wolf—as completely as if it had been swept with the Augean besom of Hercules.

"The great ball with its filched freight bounded from the shelf and struck the hard ice slide with an impact that gave it a flattened base, on which it slid so swiftly that it ceased to revolve, gliding instead with lightning speed toward the mountain's foot.

PEERING down, we watched, with beating hearts, the continuation of the race between man and avalanche, forgetful, in the excitement of the contest, of the loss of our property.

"Syd, a thorough sportsman, kept offering to bet me on the outcome, now wanting to stake his accumulated wages on the human toboggan, the next moment ready to back his snow imbedded bear, as it seemed to gain a momentary advantage. The issue, however, had assumed too serious a character in my eyes to warrant me in making it the subject of a wager; and in fact, as far as we could distinguish the two whizzing objects, it was nip and tuck between them. Not until our straining eyes could no longer discern them, did we rouse ourselves to the necessity of action, and, clambering to our feet, set out by the least circuitous practicable trail to rescue the vanished Briton and our eloping possessions.

"Slipping, stumbling, crawling, dropping, leaping, tumbling, as the rugged nature of the descent demanded, we toiledly made our way, with impatient haste, down the mountain, only to find ourselves, on reaching its foot, several miles from the point at which we wanted to arrive. Though nearly exhausted with cold, hunger, and fatigue, we compelled ourselves to press onward in the faint hope of being able to render some succor to the unfortunate victim of Syd's thoughtless joke, if perchance he had survived his appalling slide for life; or at least to recover his mangled remains and to send them to his friends, with such an amended version of the accident as discretion might dictate."

THE Major paused in his narration to dash a tear from his weatherbeaten cheek.

"What do you suppose we found?" he continued. "Why, that the special providence which seems to look after fools and drunkards had guided that conscienceless Cockney into the back yard of the only ranch house within thirty miles, where he arrived safe and sound just ahead of the snowslide, which he beat out by a

scant one and three-quarters lengths. He had his nerve with him, too, and had cooked up some cock and bull story to account for his extraordinary manner of approach, and had hired the ranchman and his two sons to dig out of the great snowball every last thing that it had attached to itself in its passage through our camp. In less than an hour he had all my valuable collection of skins and specimens packed in the ranchman's sleigh, and was driving rapidly away with them behind the only team in the valley to the nearest railroad station, fifty-six miles distant.

"Pursuit was out of the question, and perhaps inadvisable. It would be a three days' job to get our pack animals down from the mountain, and besides the man had left a note for me, in case we called, which discouraged any efforts to regain my belongings. It was addressed to me,—all my chattels were plainly marked with my name,—and in it the writer sarcastically thanked Syd and me for our courteous treatment of a total stranger, and regretted his inability to take home with him the snowball we had playfully thrown at him, which had led him to misconstrue our motives until he had discovered the interesting gifts that it bore from us. He hoped we would not be offended at his leaving behind our duffle, arms, grub bags, and the rest of our outfit, for which he would have no use, as he was sailing immediately for England; but they might come in handy for us, in case we contemplated another hunting trip in that region next season. He concluded by begging the man who had taken him to see the bear to ac-



"He Was Still Alive: but Dizzy."

cept, as a token of his appreciation, the gun and guncase he had carelessly forgotten to bring down the mountain, and suggested that Syd use it to kill any similar livestock he might desire to dispose of before displaying it to unsuspecting shoppers.

TO cap the climax, the name signed to all this airy persiflage was that of my London publisher, whom I had never seen, who had advanced most of the funds with which I was carrying on my research work. Of course, he had to fork out for my expenses for another year in the field and to stand for the delay in the publication of the fourth volume. He did it cheerfully enough,—he could afford to,—and even invited me to spend a week end with him at his handsome country seat at Upper Hoxton, Pindelbury, Herts.

"But I must confess that it galled me to sit in his spacious library, surrounded by my hard-won and easily lost spoils, and to hear him unblushingly hold forth to an admiring circle of literary lions about his exciting experiences in tracking this moose, in shooting that elk, in his desperate encounter with the puma, in his dangerous climb after the bighorn, and in his long chase in pursuit of the black wolf, calmly gazing at me through his monocle as he finished each anecdote, and defying me to give him away. If there is one thing that I cannot stand for, it is a man who will deliberately lie or exaggerate about his hunting experiences. On this occasion, however, I was obliged, as the man's guest, to content myself with thanking him for the privilege of listening to his account of how he had acquired what he might so appropriately describe as his 'trophies of the chase.' Cutting, I thought; but the hardened sinner never batted an eyelash.

IT was Syd's unmerited luck, though, that hurt my feelings most. While I was ramping to and fro in the living room of the ranch house after reading the Englishman's letter, and vowing all sorts of reprisals which I never carried out, that irrepressible practical joker, whose atrocious jest had just deprived me of the fruits of months of hardship, had borrowed a shovel, driven a tunnel into the center of the avalanche, and extricated the grizzly. The animal was actually alive, gentlemen; but so dizzy that it was sometime before it could stand on its legs without falling over on its nose and landing on its back.

"You know how children tame white mice by putting them in a revolving wire cage. Well, sir, its rotary flight down the mountain had produced a precisely similar effect upon the bear. Its spirit was broken. It would follow Syd around as docilely as a Newfoundland dog, eat out of his hand, and turn somersaults at command. Syd could hardly bring himself to part from the faithful creature; and the bear, poor chap! died—of grief I firmly believe—shortly after Syd had received his check for it from the treasurer of the Zoological Society."

ALL THE WORLD IN A MARATHON

By A. L. Hedges

MANY people do not realize the enormous speed of the earth. With our entire solar system it is being hurled through space at the rate of five hundred miles a minute, and at the same time is rotating about the sun at the rate of seventeen miles a minute. An interesting thing takes place on account of these two motions. When a person is on that side of the earth which is rotating in the direction of its path through space, he is traveling with the sum of these two speeds, or five hundred and seventeen miles a minute; and when the earth turns through half a revolution and the person is going backward from the earth's path, he is traveling only the difference of the two, or four hundred and eighty-three miles a minute. Therefore, the velocity with which one moves through space varies thirty-four miles a minute in the course of twelve hours.

A great many interesting experiments could be made from a psychological viewpoint as to the effect of this variation on the mind and activity of human beings. As far as we know from every-day experience, the faster we go the less capable we are to think and act freely. For instance, when one goes up in a fast elevator, the inertia of the different parts of the body makes them desire to remain where they are, and they consequently exert pressure on the surrounding soft parts. This causes an unpleasant sensation and, by detracting our attention, does not allow of concentrated thought. This must be about what occurs in our path through space, albeit somewhat mollified, because a difference of thirty-four in five hundred is not so much as is found in the ordinary elevator.

From this reasoning, then, we should have to consider that the mind of man was most free to work when changing speed equally or where the change was slightest. The variation is greatest at the equator, and decreases toward the poles. The greatest speed is at midday; the least at midnight. Who knows but these things may account for the activity and sharpness of the Yankee and the conservatism of the Southerner?

Another peculiarity of the earth is the precession of the axis. The toy gyroscope the street hawker sells for a quarter illustrates this very nicely. Place it on a pencil point, and it goes round that as an axis. But now hang a small weight on the other end. Though it goes round as before, a jerky motion of the axis is seen. This is what is called precession. The weight hung on the other end in the earth's case is the moon, speaking scientifically; for the moon and the earth act as if they were joined

together by a rigid rod, both turning round their common center of gravity.

As everyone knows, the earth is a huge magnet. Whether it is a natural magnet or an electromagnet has been the subject of much discussion. It is commonly held now that it is the latter. To be the latter, it must have an electric current or currents running round it from east to west. These are supposed to be generated by the sun's light and influenced by the motion of the earth.

Things on the equator are farther from the center of the earth than at other places; consequently they weigh less. Also, as the earth at the equator rotates faster than at the poles, this motion will tend to throw things off and will consequently make the weight still less. It has been found that a person weighing two hundred and eighty-nine pounds at the poles weighs only two hundred and eighty-eight at the equator. If the earth turned once in an hour and a half, bodies would weigh nothing at the equator; and if it turned a little faster, everything would be thrown off into space. Of course, the cause of all this is centrifugal force. As is commonly known, the Mississippi River flows up hill—that is, away from the center of the earth—for this very reason. The same phenomenon can be seen by rotating a bucket half full of water. The water will rise up on the sides of the bucket.

CHESS WORD WANDERERS

AN interesting set of word wanderers clusters about the game of chess. "Shah," the Persian word for "king," was corrupted in French to "eschec," which has been transferred into English as "check." Our verb and noun "check," in most of the common uses, has arisen from the cry of "Check!" literally "King!" or "Look out for your king!" which is given when a player puts his opponent's king in danger. When a player has put his opponent's king in such a condition that he cannot be rescued, he cries "Checkmate!" a corruption of the Persian "Shāh māt!" or "The king is dead!" The chessboard was called in old French an "eschequier." From this word are derived our "checker," both verb and noun; "checkers," the name of another game played on the same kind of board; and "exchequer," so called on account of the checkered cloth on which accounts were formerly calculated.